Balt. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles, as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maſter, one that you loue,
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the Vault.
Balt. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Balt. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreampt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iuli. O comfortable *Frier*, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,

Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dea
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſter-hood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is com
Come, goe good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer

Iuli. Goe get thee hence, for I will no
What's here? a cup cloſd in my true loues
Poyſon I ſee hath beene his timeleſſe en
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly d
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happly ſome poyſon yet doth hang on t
To make me die with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy *and Watch.*

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be brieſe. O
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me
Boy. This is the place, there where t
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find, atta
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlai
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes bu
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capule*
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſ
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes
But the true ground of all theſe piteous
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry

Enter Romeos *man.*

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety, till

Enter Frier, *and another*

3. *Watch.* Here is a *Frier* that trembl

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